

At McDonalds

Hey there's a crazy guy out there
so let's get going, huh?--thus whispers
anyway polyblonde to bluehair,

then the hissed, huffed
imprecations whirlingly
approach, all but trapped
in tangled hair and parka.

(Does God intend all nuts
to come to me?)

A head ballooning a-
gainst signs with immaculate conceptions
of food flowing from the room, fluorescent-gold, he left.

"What's the matter?"
(1st to ever ask am I?)
Just need lousy nickel!

Here!

Thanks! Wide-eyed still at miracles
among plastic hygiene,

he'll get his pastel shake
Big Mac and fries,
hunch over his personal table and so
slowly eat and think and drink,

wishing up a little island
full of geese and stars, with all
the natives smiling blurry nickels

threaded by a French Fry
threaded by a French Fry
threaded by a French Fry
Train.